

# The Lewis Musical Museum No. 4

SONGS AND POETICAL WORKS  
OF NATHAN L. LEWIS

## Smewh in Frae

A Memorial Song to Commemorate those that made the Supreme Sacrifice  
in the Greatest Fight for Freedom that the World has ever seen

Words and Music by Nathan L. Lewis, 123 East 88th Street, New York, Author and Publisher. Copyrighted, 1918. International Copyrights Secured.

### THE BATTLE HYMN OF DEMOCRACY.

*Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic.*

There's an angry foe against us  
And he hates to see us free,  
That's why we're going to fight him  
Far beyond the distant sea,  
And we won't return again  
'Till we secure our liberty,  
That's why we're marching on.

*Chorus.*

Glory, Glory, Hallelujah! Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!  
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah! That's why we're marching on.

Our brows are wreathed with sorrow,  
And our hearts are deep with care;  
But we're waiting for the light,  
When we'll say another prayer

For deliverance from a despot,  
That no mercy has to spare;  
That's why we're marching on.  
We have seen the dark approaching,

Now we're waiting for the light,  
When the enemy of freedom  
Will be driven off in flight.

Then will raise voices of heaven  
For deliverance from our plight,  
That's why we're marching on.

We're fighting for the people,  
And we know our cause is just;

We're battling with an enemy  
That's in for might and lust,  
The future tho' we cannot see,  
'Well win because we must;

That's why we're marching on.

### BACK AMONG THE OLD FOLKS HOME ONCE MORE.

*Words and Music by Nathan L. Lewis, 123 East 88th Street, N. Y., Author and Publisher.*

In a cottage far away  
Came a son once more to stay,  
After many years of wandering all alone,  
He beheld the dear old scene,

In his eyes there came a gleam,  
He thought again of childhood and of home,  
With his kind old mother near,  
And his father he loved dear,

His sister and his brother standing by,  
As he sat a looking on,  
One could scarcely hear a sound  
As the tears of joy were falling from his eyes.

*Chorus.*

Back among the old folks home once more,  
I've forsaken all that's gay and I'm here once more to stay.

Back among the old folks home once more,  
He had ranged the world around,  
He had seen all to be found,  
He had had his fill of pleasures, care and fame,  
After all these years have flown,  
Once again he's in his home,  
The place to him that always is the same,  
In the dear old humble place,  
Many scenes again he'll trace  
Of boyhood and youthful careless joys,  
Many years have past and gone,  
But he's now back in his home,  
And by his mother's side he's still a boy.

**READ THE WRITING ON THE WALL.**

When the slate once is written on with a hard pencil,  
It's not easy to rub the impressions away,  
And words that are spoken with envy and malice,  
May return to the speaker to remember some day.

When the hand wields the pencil with hate and suspicion,  
The lines are made deep so that one can recall,  
Take heed of this counsel and this grim admonition  
And think of the writing on Belshazzar's wall.

### "WHEN WE GET RID OF THE KAISER."

*Tune: Marching Through Georgia.*

Once more a foe is at the gate  
He's worse yet than the Hun,  
He wants the whole United States  
For his place in the sun,  
It's very true we came in late,  
We'll stay now till we're done—  
When we get rid of the Kaiser.

*Chorus.*

Hurrah! Hurrah! again we go to war,  
Hurrah! Hurrah! we'll throw the Kaiser o'er,  
We had enough of that old fool and don't want any more—

When we get rid of the Kaiser,  
He thought that he was very great  
To drench the world in blood,  
When we're through with this worthless state  
His name will then be mud.

We'll save the ark of freedom  
As did Noah in the flood—  
When we get rid of the Kaiser.

*Chorus.*

Hurrah! Hurrah! the Kaiser again has come,  
Hurrah! Hurrah! to now get rid of some  
Of these parasites and paupers for the wrong  
That they've done to us—  
When we get rid of the Kaiser.

We know something new let me say  
We never knew it before,  
But there will come a reck'ning day  
For those that made this war,  
For bringing on this sad affray  
And trouble to our door—  
When we get rid of the Kaiser.

*Chorus.*

Hurrah! Hurrah! we're going o'er the sea,  
Hurrah! Hurrah! to make the whole world free,  
With the armies of democracy we'll have a jubilee—  
When we get rid of the Kaiser.

*Before the Kaiser started the war he said,  
Germany counts her place in the sun and she  
The Kaiser sent the German troops to China he  
told them to act just like the Huns did under  
Hitler 300 A.D. and Genghis Khan 1200 A.D.*

**THE FLAG THAT FLEW IN FRONT.**

I had a dream one stormy night—  
I dreamt I went to war  
And with the fighting men I went  
The foe had whelmed us o'er.  
We lined up for another form  
And closed in every rank,  
And when our guns began to storm  
We broke our flag in front.

*Chorus.*

The flag that flew the red, white and blue  
Was the flag that flew in front,  
With a wild howl we won the day  
And cheered our waving bug.  
We said farewell to the ones that fell,  
It was them that did the stunt,  
With the falling night we won the fight  
And our flag flew well in front.

Undaunted still and with a will  
The foe renewed attack,  
With file and rank on front and flank  
They drove our force back,  
We reinforced and held our course  
And we forced their lines to slant;  
We swept them over both left and fore  
And broke our flag in front.

And now the men march home again;  
The fighting now is o'er,  
With death and pain the brave did gain  
But some return no more.

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And our flag flew well in front.

### THE BATTLE CRY OF FREEDOM.

*Tune: Rally Round the Flag*

Oh the day has long since fled  
When we heard the good word said,  
Shouting the battle cry of freedom,  
Now the time has come once more  
When they're calling to us  
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

*Chorus.*

Come win the war, boys, come win the war,  
Come now once more, boys, fight like before  
For we're going o'er the sea, fighting for our liberty.

Shouting the battle cry of freedom,  
Let the princes fear and rave,  
But we'll never let their slaves,  
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

This is now the peoples day,  
And we mean to have our say,  
Shouting the battle cry of freedom,  
When our honor is at stake,  
Then we'll fight for honor's sake,  
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

So we'll do the best we can  
For our dear old Uncle Sam,  
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

And I tell you it's no lie,  
We will live or we will die,  
Shouting the battle cry of freedom,  
We will never stand disgrace,  
Playing second fiddle place,  
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

We prefer to live in peace,  
But we'll never, never cease,  
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

And we never will give in,  
For we certainly mean to win,  
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

### I'LL BE YOUR FRIEND, DEAR, IF YOU WILL BE MINE.

*Words and Music by Nathan L. Lewis, 123 East 88th Street, N. Y., Author and Publisher.*

Heard the rolling of the drums,  
It's the soldier boys have come;  
I can hear them when they're marching by  
The door.

It's the tramping of the feet  
When they're come around the street;  
I must go my dear, I cannot wait no more,  
I can hear the silent call,  
It's for you, for me and all;  
For it's duty that is calling me away,  
I will come again to you and all;  
But I now must say adieu;  
So now listen dear to me what I will say.

*Chorus.*

I'll be your friend, dear, if you will be mine,  
Together we'll stand, dear, as you'll always find,  
Then give me your hand, dear, and I one o' mine,  
For I'll be your friend, dear, if you will be mine.

So he sailed away to France  
With the rest to take a chance,  
To bring back to her both glory, wealth and fame.

In the field of honor there  
He would always think of her,  
But he vowed that he must first win in the game.

So one day he did come back,  
With his rifle, sword and sack,  
And with flowing eyes she met him by the door,  
Then he said, my sweetest dear,  
See what I've brought you here.  
Then they sang again the song they sung before.

*Chorus.*

I'll be your friend, dear, if you will be mine,  
Together we'll stand, dear, as you'll always find,  
Then give me your hand, dear, and I one o' mine,  
For I'll be your friend, dear, if you will be mine.

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See what I've brought you here.  
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*Chorus.*

I'll be your friend, dear, if you will be mine,  
Together we'll stand, dear, as you'll always find,  
Then give me your hand, dear, and I one o' mine,  
For I'll be your friend, dear, if you will be mine.

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To bring back to her both glory, wealth and fame.

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With his rifle, sword and sack,  
And with flowing eyes she met him by the door,  
Then he said, my sweetest dear,  
See what I've brought you here.  
Then they sang again the song they sung before.

*Chorus.*

I'll be your friend, dear, if you will be mine,  
Together we'll stand, dear, as you'll always find,  
Then give me your hand, dear, and I one o' mine,  
For I'll be your friend, dear, if you will be mine.

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To bring back to her both glory, wealth and fame.

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See what I've brought you here.  
Then they sang again the song they sung before.

*Chorus.*

I'll be your friend, dear, if you will be mine,  
Together we'll stand, dear, as you'll always find,  
Then give me your hand, dear, and I one o' mine,  
For I'll be your friend, dear, if you will be mine.

The Lewis Musical Museum, Songs and Poetical Works of Nathan L. Lewis, Author and Publisher, 123 East 88th Street, New York.

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For sixty five other songs see the Lewis Musical Museum 1, 2 and 3

## Somewhere In France

Now let us remember famous Men

Words and Music by  
NATHAN L. LEWIS

Moderato (Not too fast)

Piano

Musical notation for the piano introduction, featuring a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The music begins with a series of chords in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand.

Dead or miss - ing some - where in France Is all that the mes - sage has  
Dead or miss - ing some - where in France Our flag and our coun - try to

Musical notation for the first vocal line, including a treble clef and lyrics.

Piano accompaniment for the first vocal line, including a treble and bass clef.

said And so I will nev - er see him here a - gain, For he's  
save And now may the next flow - er that blooms in Spring Bloomgent -

Musical notation for the second vocal line, including a treble clef and lyrics.

Piano accompaniment for the second vocal line, including a treble and bass clef.

count - ed a - mong the dead I re - mem - ber the day when  
ly on his peace - ful grave He was my own dear son that

Musical notation for the third vocal line, including a treble clef and lyrics.

Piano accompaniment for the third vocal line, including a treble and bass clef.

he went a - way When I looked in his eyes so bright And now he will  
I dear - ly loved, Like oth - ers he died in the fight I'll wait till we

Musical notation for the fourth vocal line, including a treble clef and lyrics.

Piano accompaniment for the fourth vocal line, including a treble and bass clef.

Music to all songs in the Lewis Musical Museum can be obtained direct from the **Publisher** 3

nev - er come home an - y more, So I'll pray for my boy to - night. —  
meet in the next world a - bove, And I'll pray for my boy to - night. —

Refrain

Some-where in France where the ros - es bloom, Some-where in France he's dead. —

Some-where in France there's an un-known tomb, Some-where is all that was said. —

Some-where in France he now is at rest, Some-where so far from my sight. — Where the

small birds will sing with the flow - ers in Spring, So I'll pray for my boy to - night. —

Somewhere In France 2

For other war songs see the Lewis Musical Museum N93 Special War Edition

**CAPTAIN-GENERAL SIMONS OF THE**

*U. S. A.*  
Words and Music by Nathan L. Lewis, 123 East 88th Street, N. Y., Author and Publisher, Copyrighted 1918.

Simon Lessig kept a shoe store  
Way down on Hudson Street,  
When the war broke out he volunteered  
And got in with the reds.  
He said I'll be no pikier  
When he sailed across the sea  
And if I should get there again  
They'll all be proud of me.

*Chorus.*

Now he's captain-general Simons of the U.S.A.  
Well you ought see the diamonds that the girls display  
When he's coming down the street then they all go out to meet him.

They're dressed up in their latest and he gets a royal greeting

For he's captain-general Simons of the U. S. A.  
All the girls now smile as they pass by and say  
Hoony.

For he's got them all excited and he's got them all delighted,

For he's captain-general Simons of the U. S. A.  
Now Si was just one of these chaps  
That's looking for a chance.

He said he did not care a rap

If he should die in France.

He said he'd go in with the boys

To do the job complete;

Now every evening there's some noise

Way down on Hudson Street.

*Alexander the great took command of the Macedonian army under the lead of Captain-General.*

**A BRUTAL FOE DOES THE ASSAIL.**

*Tunes: Maryland, My Maryland.*  
A brutal foe does thee assail,  
Maryland, My Maryland.  
With eyes of hate and of mail,  
Maryland, My Maryland,  
He seeks to rule with might and death,  
He seeks to crush out freedom's breath  
Till nothing good on earth is left,  
Maryland, My Maryland.

Oh come and fight again once more  
Maryland, My Maryland.  
Just as you did in days of yore,  
Maryland, My Maryland.  
Oh come again once more and fight  
And try to stay a tyrant's blight,  
That we may live in freedom's light,  
Maryland, My Maryland.  
Oh come and fight for all we love  
Maryland, My Maryland.  
Our starry flag and God above,  
Maryland, My Maryland.  
Oh come and fight like the old men  
That drive the Kaiser in his den  
That we may live in peace again,  
Maryland, My Maryland.

**MY DEAR OLD GEORGIA HOME.**

*Words and Music by Nathan L. Lewis, 123 East 88th Street, N. Y., Author and Publisher, Copyrighted 1918.*

When night upon the day is falling,  
Between the gloom and the dawn,  
Dear scenes of olden days recalling,  
Far across in my dear old Georgia state,  
Far across the endless forest cottage,  
The small birds again are singing clear,  
My dear old home is ever fragrant  
While I am an exile waiting here.

*Chorus.*

Every day there seems returning  
Between the late and the dawn,  
Oh dear, how my heart again is yearning  
For my dear, my dear old Georgia home.  
The sun in the gleam again is leaving,  
The groves are cool and still,  
A feeling of silence now is heaving  
With the song of the sweetest bird will.  
Oh the distance, is pleasant to the vision  
While here in deep silence I repose,  
Again I'll give my soul decision  
To my dear old Georgia home and those.

**COLUMBIA, COLUMBIA, FIRST OF ALL.**

Columbia, Columbia, first of all,  
First of all the whole wide world.  
Wherever I be I hear thee call,  
I see thy starry flag and God will.  
Let us raise our voice and sing,  
No matter what may me befall.  
God alone shall be our  
Columbia, Columbia, first of all.

**THE HERO.**

Only the coward and wrongdoer flee,  
While others will live and die to save  
And make life better for you and me,  
Oh, who would not die with the brave!

**AFTER THE WAR.**

*Tune: After The Ball.*  
War clouds are looming over the whole fair land,  
Troubles are brooding on every hand,  
Darkness is nearing from shore to shore,  
Soon will be clearing, after the war.

*Chorus.*

After the war is over, after we wipe the gun,  
After we think that those were the days, that  
were full of sorrow,  
After we had our sorrow, there will be peace  
once more,  
Then some real joy we may borrow, after the war.  
So is the lesson one finds in life,  
That's hard to tell you why,  
Where ere I go it seems somehow  
No old folks need apply.  
When I was young and thought upon  
Life then was bright and gay  
While now I'm old and all alone  
And only in the way.

**ONLY IN THE WAY.**

*Tune: Always in the Way.*  
Why am I sad you ask me now;  
I'm hand to tell you why,  
Where ere I go it seems somehow  
No old folks need apply.  
When I was young and thought upon  
Life then was bright and gay  
While now I'm old and all alone  
And only in the way.

*Chorus.*

Only in the way, there's nothing more to say,  
It makes no difference where I be, no one will  
longer care for me,  
I've no place now to stay, I'm now so old and  
gray;  
There's no place now where I can go, I'm only  
in the way.  
Upon life's seas I've drifted far  
And tried to do my best,  
But I've found life an endless war,  
Where there's no peace or rest.  
Still some will stay a quiet spot  
And end their life in play  
While mine has been a troubled lot,  
And only in the way.

**THE UNKNOWN STAR.**

*Words and Music by Nathan L. Lewis, 123 East 88th Street, N. Y., Author and Publisher, Copyrighted 1918.*

In a quiet little hall there,  
I saw a poor man here,  
His face it bore anxious look  
Of worry, work and care.  
With pencil, book and paper  
He than began to write,  
As I peered in the door at him,  
I thought to myself that night:

*Chorus.*

There are stars that have not yet shown,  
There are stars that are not yet known,  
No one seems to understand,  
No one tries to lend a hand,  
Some place they are all alone  
Without a friend or home.  
There is many a bright star shines to-night  
In the sky that is not yet known.  
While walking by the wayside,  
I saw a little girl  
With laughing eyes and rosy cheeks;  
Her hair fell down in curls,  
I viewed her for a moment,  
She then returned the view,  
As I went on my way then,  
I thought to myself how true.

**THAT'S THE ADVICE THAT MY FATHER GAVE.**

*Words and Music by Nathan L. Lewis, 123 East 88th Street, N. Y., Author and Publisher, Copyrighted 1918.*

When I was a boy my father would tell  
How to succeed and get along well.  
He told me to always try to do right,  
He said that life was an endless fight,  
He told me to never do anything wrong,  
That's the best way for to get along.  
If you get in trouble just try to be brave,  
That's the advice that my father gave.

*Chorus.*

That's the advice that my father gave,  
Keep on a working and try to save,  
Life is a fight, in trouble be brave,  
That's the advice that my father gave.  
He said treat others as they treat you,  
Be not the fallen or you fall too,  
For cares and troubles let your mind be set,  
Keep on trying and you'll get there yet,  
Try to look tidy and always look clean,  
Speak well of others and never be mean,  
You'll surely succeed if you work and save,  
That's the advice that my father gave.

**THE LAST OF THE KAISERS.**

*Copyrighted by Nathan L. Lewis, 123 East 88th Street, Author and Publisher.*

It's the last of the Kaisers,  
It's all over now,  
The curse of the whole world  
Will make his last bow.  
He'll go now forever,  
I know it's a fact.  
So praise he to God,  
For He'll never come back.  
It's the last of the Kaisers,  
How happy we'll be;  
The world will have peace  
And the people will be free.  
No trials and no troubles,  
No sorrow or pain;  
The plague of our people  
Will never come again.  
It's the last of the Kaisers,  
Oh say what a joy,  
The people no longer  
Need fear he'll annoy;  
He'll make all a grave yard,  
Or make all a slave,  
This shameless, indecent, deceitful  
old knave.

*In one of his speeches the Kaiser said, considering myself, as I do, the instrument of God, I go on my way.*

**THE YANKES ARE COMING.**

*Words and Music by Nathan L. Lewis, 123 East 88th Street, N. Y., Author and Publisher, Copyrighted 1918.*

We're camping on the cold, cold ground,  
Glory Hallelujah.  
We're listening to the old hound,  
Glory, Glory, Glory, Glory.  
There's something telling us to go,  
Glory Hallelujah.  
It's an awful load on the long, long road,  
There's glory here for all.

*Chorus.*

It's a long, long road, but we're coming,  
Yes we're coming, yes we're coming,  
Yes we're coming, yes we're coming,  
And we won't be very long.  
It's a long, long road, but we're coming,  
Yes we're coming, yes we're coming,  
Yes we're coming, yes we're coming,  
We're coming, we're coming,  
And we won't be very long.  
Listen to the warrier sing,  
Glory Hallelujah.  
He's looking at the wind's great wing,  
Glory, Glory, Glory, Glory.  
Tell me now what does he say,  
Glory Hallelujah.  
Will you come with me, will you come and see,  
There's glory here for all.  
"He walks on the wings of the wind"

**THE CONQUEST OF THE AIR.**

*Copyrighted by Nathan L. Lewis, 123 East 88th Street, Author and Publisher.*

See him now high in the heavens,  
Pursuing his way like a star,  
Now swiftly he goes like the raven,  
Still holding his course from afar.  
See him, the feathered eagle,  
Making his way in the sky.  
Like a hare that's pursued by a hound;  
As all we have learned how to fly.  
Star of our hope still pursuing  
Coysence in her hiding place,  
Each day she is ever intruding  
And flaring the light in her face.  
We have harnessed the winds and the waters,  
We've cut through the mountains and land;  
Oh come now thou loveliest of daughters,  
With the wings of the wind let us stand.

**THE WAR IN POLAND.**

In the cold Carpathians' dreary waste,  
The hungry wolf is going  
And seeks for those that left in haste  
Mid the latter cold and snowing,  
With her little children  
From a home that's left behind her,  
To find amid the heartless war  
A death that's ever kinder.

**WHEN WE MARCH INTO OLD BERLIN.**

*Tune: "Smiles"—Chorus.*  
There is nothing so dear as freedom,  
There is nothing so dear as peace,  
The dearest thing that I could see then  
Is to know the whole world now is free.  
For we're fighting for all the people,  
And we'll never stop until we win,  
We'll hang the Kaiser to the steeps  
When we march into old Berlin.